

King GEORGE for England. (2)

A

NEW BALLAD,

To an OLD TUNE:

Necessary to be sung by all True and Loyal *Englishmen*, upon
all Occasions; more especially at the present Conjunction.

To the Tune of the second Part of St. GEORGE for England.

By HUMPHRY CHAUNTER, Esq;

Poet Laureat to *Mumpsimus* the III^d. King of the Gipsies.



L O N D O N:

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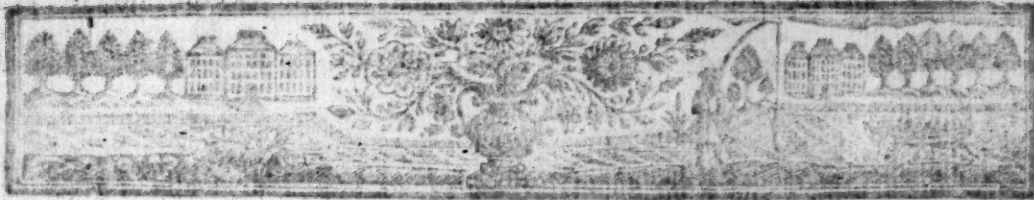
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King GEORGE for England



By HUMPHREY CANNON
Printed and Published by
H. B. Cannon, at the
Printers, in the Strand,
London.

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King GEORGE for England

A NEW BALLAD TO AN OLD TUNE
ADVERTISEMENT



It has been customary for all Nations, from the earliest Date of Time, to compose Songs in Honour of their Favourite Kings and Heroes: That none deserves such more than our present Illustrious Governour, need not to be declared; neither can any Time be more suitable to express our Loyalty, by the Force of our Lungs, than the present; especially as the Rebels do not fail to transmit the small Advantages they have gained to Posterity, by several treasonable *Ballads*, which they have lately composed, and are daily sung in their Camp. As nothing could be more proper to quash their arrogant Spirits, than the valiant Champion, St. GEORGE of England, the following BALLAD, in Honour of his *Name's-Sake*, is composed to the second Part of that Tune: and it is hoped will be of Service to cherish the Hearts of all true Britons, by a joyful Recital of the glorious Deeds and Atchievements of the present ROYAL FAMILY.

King GEORGE he is for England

Young Frowin is from France;


Sing Henri fort qui mal y fange.



King G E O R G E for *England*,

A NEW BALLAD to an Old Tune.

To the Tune of the second Part of *St. George for England*.

 F all the Kings, or Cld, or New, that bear such mighty Fame,
There's ne'er a K——g amongst them all deserves with G——e to
name ;

Of all the Heroes, erst so stout, from *Homer's* to these Days,

Not a Hero amongst them all did ever gain such Praise

As valiant G——ge, our Noble King, a *Briton* bold and true,

That in the Fields of *Dettingen* caus'd *Frenchmen* fore to rue ;

And with his *H——n——v——r——ns* stout, that bravely laid about 'em,

He bang'd the *French* most lustily, 'till that he quite did rout 'em ;

Of Twenty Thousand, which were there, few 'scap'd his conquering Sword :

And had there been as many more, he'd beat them, on my Word.

Then, who is it that dares compare with our most valiant G——ge ?

I swear, that, knew I who it was, I'd fairly cut his Gorge.

King G E O R G E he is for *England*,

Young *Perkin* is from *France*;

Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.



Great *Tamerlane* oft beat the *Turk*, as did *Eugene* also;
 And mighty *George* assisted him, to bring their Crescent low,
 When at *Vienna's* famous Siege he made their Squadrons fly,
 And Thousands of *Mahometans* he caused there to die:
 Their Scimeters were of no Use, nor could their Heads defend,
 Against great *George's* mighty Sword, that forely them did rend;
 He mow'd them down, as tho' they'd been but as a Field of Grass,
 And tann'd their haughty *Vizier's* Hide, as tho' he'd been an Ass:
 Their Turbans, and their * Horse-tails too, he tumbled in the Dust,
 And happy was he 'mongst them all, could swim the *Danube* first.
 These Feats did *George*, our Monarch's Sire, I speak it to his Praise,
 He forc'd the proud and haughty *Turks* *Vienna's* Siege to raise.

King *GEORGE* he is for *England*,
 Young *Perkin* is from *France*;
 Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

When that in *Gallia's* bloody Fields great *Marlb'ro'* fought for Fame,
 Our gracious King, and his great Sire, there aided him t'obtain
 Those mighty Laurels he acquir'd; — such was their Valour then:
 They bravely fought in Freedom's Cause, and slew Thousands of Men;
 The *French* could not withstand their Arms; but forced were to run,
 In such great Haste, that oft *Monsieur* has left behind his Gun;
 And glad, in Doublet whole, t'escape out of the Way from Harm,
 Would bless his nimble Legs, that sav'd him from great *George's* Arm.
 Such was the Fame our Monarch gain'd, in that most glorious Day;
 E'en then the Terror of his Name fill'd all *France* with Dismay:
 Old *Lewis* feared his dreary Sword, as it is now well known;
 And *George* he fought in *Britain's* Cause: So e'ery one must own,

That *GEORGE* he is for *England*,
 Young *Perkin* is from *France*;
 Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

* The *Turks* carry Horse-Tails for their Standards.

This fruitful Isle in ancient Times the *Romans* did subdue,
 As also did the *Saxon* Host, and the red-headed Crew
 Of lordly *Danes*; 'till at length the valiant *Norman* came,
 And with his Army routed both the *Saxon* and the *Dane*:
 Then *Britain* was by *Gallic* Laws most cruelly confin'd,
 And her new Bonds her Liberties most rigour'sly did bind;
 'Till *Henry* came, who Freedom gave by *Magna Charta's* Grant;
 Which *John* confirm'd by sacred Oath, as Barons much did want;
 From hence our Liberties we date, from hence our Freedom trace,
 Which happily we have enjoy'd, until the *Stuart's* Race
 Strove to deprive us of our Rights, which *Nassau* soon restored,
 And gave us *George*, of Royal Race, to be to us a Lord.

King *GEORGE* he is for *England*,

Young *Perkin* is from *France*,

Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

By granting us our Liberties, King *George* with Pleasure rules,
 Tyrants leaving to impose their wooden Shoes on Fools;
 Tho' *Portugal* and *Spain* may boast their *Inquisition's* Law,
 Yet, whilst *George's* Race rules us, we value it not a Straw:
 Nor *France's* arbitrary Sway we fear not in the least,
 Our Freedom by this gentle Reign full largely is increast:
 By War he seeks all *Europe's* Peace and Freedom to maintain,
 By War he strives th'ambitious Flights of Tyrants to restrain;
 Great *Charles* unto his friendly Aid th'empyrean Crown doth owe,
 And *Germany* her Liberty, as recent Hist'ries shew.
 Such mighty Blessings, by his Reign, to *Europe* does abound;
 So great a Princee as *George* no where can possibly be found.

King *GEORGE* he is for *England*,

Young *Perkin* is from *France*,

Sing *Hony soit qui mal y pense*.

Lewis with a Rod of Iron o'er slavish Subjects reigns,
 And heavily, in wooden Shoes, they drag their fatal Chains;
 Their Parliaments dare not enact or e'en repeal a Law,
 The Tyrant's Power ordains his Will, and keeps them all in Awe;
 Should any one attempt to cross or contradict his Will,
 Strait the *Monsieur* is laid hold of, and sent to the *Bastille*,
 In Durance vile, there to lament an arbitrary Sway,
 Under which, when first he breath'd, he well may curse the Day.
 But *British* Subjects here decree the Laws by which they're bound,
 And, happily, the Laws alone Great *George's* Pleasure is found:
 By these he gains his People's Love, by these he wins their Hearts;
 And from the Laws his Royal Will with Honour ne'er departs.

King *GEORGE* he is for *England*,
 Young *Perkin* is from *France*,
 Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Let *Prussia* rule with rigid Sway, and waste his Subjects Blood,
 By waging of ambitious Wars, not for his Country's Good.
 The *Dane*, the *Swede*, nor *Moscovite*, can taste of Liberty;
 Their Princes arbitrary Power restrains them from being free.
 Tho' *Holland* boasts of Liberty, yet 'tis, alas! in vain;
 For *States*, as Kings, by Slavish Laws, their People down can chain.
 How happy then must be this Isle, if 'twere but truly known,
 Where Freedom, like a solid Rock, supports the Monarch's Throne;
 What Blessings does us attend from *George's* gentle Sway?
 Whose Subjects, not thro' Fear, but Love, endeavour him t'obey,
 Secured by him, each one enjoys his lawful Property;
 And by his happy gracious Reign protects our Liberty.

King *GEORGE* he is for *England*,
 Young *Perkin* is from *France*,
 Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Like

Like to his Sire young *William* strives, in a most glorious Cause,
 For *Europe's* Freedom bravely fights, and gains a great Applause,
 Tho' overpower'd by Foreign Strength, he brave maintains his Ground;
 Tho' by Treachery betray'd, he strives his Foes to wound:
 As *William* then such Courage, who, as young, can fairly show?
 Not *Perkin* like he strives t'ensnare, or to avoid his Foe;
 But boldly dares to keep his Ground against their utmost Strength,
 In Hopes to give them Cause to rue their Folly in the Length.
 Such *George*, and such his Royal Son; why need we be afraid?
 Or any Time of Enemies to be at all dismay'd.
 Tho' *France* and *Spain* may jointly strive our Ruin to endeavour,
 But yet, whilst *GEORGE* our Helm doth guide, we need not fear them ever.

King *GEORGE* he is for *England*,

Young *Perkin* is from *France*,

Sing *Hony soit qui mal y pense*.

